

The Fearmonger, by Jonathan Blum

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[Part One]

(Applause.)

SHERILYN: (through loudspeaker) People these days are afraid to point the finger. After all, you might cause offence. But we know what the problems are, and we know who they are.

STEPHEN: Oh yeah, we know all about the monsters.

WALTER: Stephen, the security patrol, they're on their way.

STEPHEN: It's all right. Just waiting for a clear shot.

WALTER: We've got about ten minutes.

STEPHEN: Plenty of time.

WALTER: I wouldn't have the nerve to wait. Wouldn't even have the nerve to... Even though you can hear it, how can you pull the trigger?

STEPHEN: Hey, something's got to be done.

WALTER: Wait, get ready. Now!

(Gunshot, then two more. Screams.)

STEPHEN: Oh, they got her off the stage!

WALTER: Come on, let's go.

STEPHEN: I'll catch you up. I can still (gunshot) just see her. (gunshot) I think that's her in the wings with (sizzling sound) Oh, there you are. Came up here to meet me, huh? Well, you can't scare me. (gunshots) I know what you are. I know what you're up to. (gunshot) I know. (gunshots).

(Jaunty music.)

MICK: And we're back with another hour of the Mick Thompson Show, home of the real story. All the little things the Uni Loonies and Greasy PC freaks don't want you to hear. And now it's time for our latest round of Official Denials, folks. Yep, the officials have spoken, and there is no truth to the rumour that Sherilyn Harper, the New Britannia Party leader was too drunk to stand at the Party Conference last week. A spokesman for Mrs Harper said she was fatigued and suffering from a sore hip, and that reports to the contrary were, and I quote, scurrilous and politically motivated. And we all know politically motivated are the last words we can use to describe Mrs Harper, folks. And more things that are simply not true about New Britannia after this quick station identification.

(Jaunty music. Mick is now off-air.)

MICK: Er, 'scuse me, what are you doing here?

DOCTOR: Me? Oh, don't mind me. Go right ahead.

MICK: Oh, sure. Okay.

(Back on air.)

MICK: Okay, there is no truth to the rumour that Mrs Harper's party is reconsidering its opposition to gun laws in the wake of the recent attempt on her life. In fact, my private sources suggest that they consider the shooter's inability to hit her to be a sign of the shocking state of gun training in this country, which New Britannia is attempting to (off mike) Look, will you stop staring at me like that?

DOCTOR: Oh, don't let me bother you.

MICK: Look, I'm on the air. You shouldn't even be in here.

DOCTOR: Oh, that doesn't matter. It's radio. No one ever needs to know I'm here unless you talk to me. They can't see you, you can't see them.

MICK: Right, if you don't get out, I'm going to call security.

DOCTOR: No, I'm just waiting. No need to call security. You've got a show to do.

MICK: Hmm. (on mike) There's no truth to the rumour that Mrs Harper is insisting that the government treat the assassination attempt as an act of international terrorism. She's just, well, she's just said that because of her stance on immigration. (off mike) Look, if you've got something to say, why don't you just come out and say it huh?

DOCTOR: Why thank you. (on mike) Walter Jacobs, I know you're listening to this, and you're absolutely right. There is a monster out there.

MICK: Er, we'll be right back.

(Crowded location.)

ACE: Hey, Paul, over here.

PAUL: There you are. Ace! You've aged well.

ACE: Easy when you know how.

PAUL: I mean it's been what, just over fifteen years since you left the old neighbourhood? And now you just
ACE: Yeah, it's a bit of a long story. Right, you got the box?
PAUL: Yeah. Look, I built this thing just for the sake of building it. I don't want it used to hurt anyone, you know? I won't let you lay a finger on it till I'm sure about that.
ACE: Mmm, well principled. We don't get much of that.
PAUL: You don't get many people who can build a gadget like this either.
ACE: Yeah, all right then. You've got my word.
PAUL: Okay. We'll need a payphone, somewhere out of the way.
ACE: Er, oh, back there, near the gents. This way.

PAUL: I don't mean to be paranoid, but how do you know you can make sure your word's good?
ACE: Because I've got the Doctor's word.
PAUL: And how'd you know he can?
ACE: Because I believe in him. Over here.
PAUL: Right then. First you pick up the phone like you're making a normal call, but then you put the handset on this gadget of mine, and push that, and then you're right into the system.
ACE: Some serious brains at work there.
PAUL: Thanks. I call it my Hack in the Box. So now you press this and dial the number you want to scan, and it'll trace the next call that goes through to that number.
ACE: Right. Mick Thompson's studio line is 0207 690

MICK: If you don't give me one good reason not to throw you out of here right now
DOCTOR: Twenty one seconds.
MICK: What?
DOCTOR: Till you come back from the commercial break. And every single one of your listeners will want to know what that was all about. Sixteen seconds.
MICK: This is nuts.
DOCTOR: Now, do you want to try and explain to your audience, or should I? Eleven seconds. Ten. Nine.
MICK: Look, I dunno what you slipped my producer to let you in here in the first place
DOCTOR: Six.
(Jaunty music.)
MICK: But if you don't give me the answers, I'm still going to take your head and I'm going to
DOCTOR: Two
MICK: And er hi, we're back on the Mick Thompson Show. Let's open up the phone lines and see what you all have to say about the way of the world today. Walter, you're our next with Mick. Talk to me, Walter.
WALTER [OC]: I don't want to talk to you. I'm calling for the other guy.
MICK: Hey, wait a minute
DOCTOR: Walter, I want you to listen to me. I know what you did at the New Britannia Rally last Sunday, and I know what you heard.
WALTER [OC]: They're looking for me, as an accomplice.
DOCTOR: I know. I also know you didn't do anything.
WALTER [OC]: Didn't do anything yet, eh?
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, you didn't. You just ran, because you were afraid, that's all.
WALTER [OC]: I ran 'cos I know. Stevie showed me what was happening. That's why it got him, because he knew. And you know too. You've got to tell them.
MICK: Hey, wait a minute. Stevie? Is this the guy
DOCTOR: Shh! Walter, I know what you saw, but in order to prove it, I'm going to have to meet with you.
WALTER [OC]: Well, if you know so much, you should know where I am, right? And what I'm going to do.
DOCTOR: No! Walter, wait!
(Call ends.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
MICK: Well, you're listening to the Mick Thompson Show, and we just had a call from, from Walter. Jacobs.

MICK [OC]: And we have to ask ourselves, who is this man? Maybe the mysterious second man who helped Stephen Keyser
ACE: Got it?
PAUL: Yeah, it's just looking it up. It's a hotel phone, the Garden Tower at Earls Court, extension 219.
ACE: Right. Thanks. Look Paul, we'll give you a call when we need you again, all right? Should be a day or so.
PAUL: Okay. Take care of yourself.
ACE: I always do.
PAUL: And if you meet Mick Thompson, punch him in the nose for me.
ACE: Fan of Sherilyn's?

PAUL: Well, between that Keyser guy and Mick in his little booth, I'm not sure who's the bigger sniper.

MICK: And I'm here right now with Doctor, you never told me what your name was.

DOCTOR: No, I didn't, did I.

MICK: And I don't suppose you'll tell us about how you knew this guy Walter Jacobs

DOCTOR: Oh, I've been assisting in the investigation. Young Stephen Keyser was willing to tell me things he wouldn't tell anyone else.

MICK: Well, I wonder why that was?

DOCTOR: Because I believed him. And among the details Stephen gave me was the fact that Walter is a regular listener to your show..

MICK: So the police sent you. Well then, why didn't you say

DOCTOR: Because I didn't tell the police. Do you understand that, Walter? If you're still listening.

DOCTOR [OC]: I had to try and find you this way, before the authorities got you. They wouldn't believe you but I do.

WALTER: Just shut up.

(Turns off radio and makes a phone call.) It's me. Yeah, I need the stuff now. Yeah, of course I'm going ahead. I've got to. Okay then, I'll pick it up tonight. Bye.

MICK: So you used my radio show to try to make contact with an attempted assassin?

DOCTOR: Yes.

MICK: What kind of moron are you?

DOCTOR: The kind who knows what to look for. Walter was wrong, of course, but I think he might have a reason to see that woman as a threat.

MICK: Well, the Labour Party sure does, and all the other One-Worlders and EuroNazis are going nuts. If her mob ends up with the balance of power after the election, then

DOCTOR: I'm not talking about politics. This is something more fundamental, something evil.

MICK: Evil. Look, Doc, Sheryllyn Harper and New Britannia may give us decent folks a bad name, but evil? They're just wackos.

DOCTOR: you don't like using the word evil, do you. It's too powerful.

MICK: Huh. Ladies and gentlemen, live in our studio, Captain Righteous.

DOCTOR: What did you call me?

MICK: Captain Righteous.

DOCTOR: That's a very silly name, isn't it?

(Commercial starts up in the background.)

DOCTOR: Just like wacko, or EuroNazi. But it helps, doesn't it? You're faced with something you fear, so you have to give it a name, don't you? Nothing that makes it sound serious, like evil, just something glib, a catch-phrase, a bit of noise. But the thing I'm looking for doesn't have a name. Not yet.

MICK: Yeah, well, great speech, Doc. Pity no one heard it, 'cos I've been playing a commercial for my new book for the past thirty seconds.

DOCTOR: Oh, typical.

MICK: I figured you needed reminding who decides what gets said around here.

DOCTOR: You didn't hear a word I said, did you.

MICK: Yeah, well, that's why they call it talk radio, Doc, not listen radio.

DOCTOR: Oh f

MICK: Okay, now let's go back to the phones. Ace, you're next with Mick. Talk to me, Ace.

ACE [OC]: Shut up, toad face, this is for the Professor. Tell him I've got what he wanted and I'll leave directions in the usual place. Got that?

DOCTOR: Perfect job. Well done, Ace.

ACE [OC]: Ta. I'm on my way. Oh, and Mick? I'm a first time caller, and I'd just like to say that you're a self-righteous loud-mouth, and your show eats weasel dung. See you later!

MICK: Ladies and gentlemen, the nerve of some people, coming on the air and just flinging around petty insults instead of trying to be sensible. Listen, Doc. Where's he gone? Okay, Wayne, you're next. Somebody normal. Talk to me, Wayne.

(Knock on door.)

ACE [OC]: Maid service.

WALTER: Yeah, sure.

ACE [OC]: All right, so I'm not the maid. I'm still here to help.

WALTER: Why'd you lie to me?

ACE [OC]: If I said I was from the bloke on the radio, you wouldn't have believed me then, either.

WALTER: I'm going to open the door now, and then there's going to be a gun pointed at you, so stay back. I don't want to have to, to

ACE [OC]: Yeah, got it.
(Door opens.)
WALTER: Okay. Now say something.
ACE: What about?
WALTER: Just keep talking. I have to hear your voice.
ACE: Oh, right. Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee agreed to have a battle, for Tweedle Dum said Tweedle Dee had spoilt his nice new rattle.
WALTER: Okay, you're clean.
ACE: Yeah, showered and everything.
WALTER: It's just, I had to be sure. I can hear the monster, you know.
ACE: Yeah, I believe you.
WALTER: I hear it, the noise, in her. Stevie taught me how to hear it. That's why I helped him.
ACE: Really? I believe you. It's all right. We know about these things. We can help take care of it.
WALTER: No, I've got to do it my way. She won't be a problem after tomorrow.
ACE: Just give us a chance, all right? When I lived here, if someone like Harper had been around, I'd have gone off half-cocked myself. But the Doctor taught me how to take care of myself.
WALTER: What doctor?
ACE: Just the Doctor.
WALTER: The Doctor?
ACE: Yeah, it's like a. Hang on. Put the gun
WALTER: No, don't you come near me.
ACE: Oh, come back here!
(Feet running.)
ACE: Walter, just hold on a.
(Pressing lift button.)
ACE: You're stuck now, the stairs are the other way. Just take a deep breath and
WALTER: Don't!
(Lift arrives. Gunshot.)
ACE: Whoa! Hang on. Just don't
(Lift leaves.)

DOCTOR: Going down?
(Walter is scared.)
DOCTOR: It's all right, I'm not going to harm you.
WALTER: Stay back. Hands against the wall.
DOCTOR: You don't need the gun.
WALTER: Don't even try it. I know you. I know your tricks. Stevie told me.
DOCTOR: Stevie's in a psychiatric ward under police guard, terrified out of his mind. That's what this creature does to you.
WALTER: I know what it does. That's why I have to
DOCTOR: This wasn't exactly how you imagined spending your University holidays, was it?
WALTER: Something's got to be done. Something's got to be done.
DOCTOR: Yes, and we can help you stop this thing, if you'll trust me.
WALTER: I
(Lift arrives, door opens.)
WALTER: Keep your hands on the wall. Come out of the lift, and I shoot.
(Runs.)
DOCTOR: You don't have to do this. We could just have a nice cup of tea and talk things over sensibly Isn't anybody interested in doing that anymore?
ACE: (breathless) No luck?
DOCTOR: No luck.
ACE: How about a nice cup of tea, then?
DOCTOR: Or several. Let's go.

MICK [OC]: And that's about all she wrote for today
SHERILYN: Do you really have to listen to that garbage in the office, Roderick?
RODERICK: Mmm? Oh, apologies, ma'am. It always helps to keep up with what the opposition is saying about us.
SHERILYN: We know what they're saying. So, what have you got lined up for me for the rest of the day?
RODERICK: Ah, approving next week's media coverage, another three position papers for you to read and initial, and then dinner and standard speech number four at the Saint Andrews Church Hall.
SHERILYN: God, number four again? Can't we rewrite it to make it more interesting? Tell the audience I'll

give them each five hundred pounds to vote for me, or something, just to see who's still awake.
RODERICK: I'm afraid the Electoral Commission never sleeps, ma'am.
SHERILYN: Mmm hmm. If I don't get some rest I'll be dozing off in the middle of myself.
RODERICK: I'm sure we can arrange a night off for you after the rally.
SHERILYN: A night off? I had one of those once. I'll never forget it.
RODERICK: Ah, ma'am.
MICK [OC]: Thompson, talk to me.
DOCTOR [OC]: Hello, Mister Thompson. It's me again.
MICK [OC]: Oh boy.
DOCTOR [OC]: Just wanted to tell you what to do if you hear from Walter again.
MICK [OC]: Hey, look, Doc, talk to my producer after we're off the air, 'cos wherever you're going, I really don't want to go there. And that's about all the time we have, so stay tuned for the news and Doc? The men with the butterfly nets are coming for you. I'm Mick and I'm outta here.
(Radio turned off.)
SHERILYN: Who's that?
RODERICK: A man who made contact with our Mister Jacobs through Thompson's show. He's called the Doctor. I've been aware of him for some years now.
SHERILYN: What's his angle?
RODERICK: He's a rogue element. Reports on him crossed my desk during my time at the Ministry. Even his UN paymasters had very little control over his activities.
SHERILYN: The UN?
RODERICK: Intelligence division, department C19.
SHERILYN: And he's contacted the man who took a shot at me?
RODERICK: Evidently.
SHERILYN: Ever have one of those days? I think I'm having one of those careers.
RODERICK: I'm afraid there's more. He was a freelance consultant to the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce.
SHERILYN: And the kind of things they deal with, a UFO nut like Keyser must have known about him. If they planned this together
RODERICK: If I might suggest, ma'am. I'll have my contacts with the police add the Doctor to their 'wanted for questioning' list, and I'll arrange to sit in on the interrogation myself.
SHERILYN: Mmm. Find out what the UN's planning to spring on us. I like it. I knew there was reason I kept you around.
RODERICK: Indeed, ma'am. And you should hear what Thompson thinks it is. Now, don't concern yourself further. I'll make the necessary calls.

DOCTOR: Good morning. How is the patient today?
HOSPITAL DOCTOR: He's still very agitated. I can't allow you more than five minutes.
(Door unlocked.)
STEPHEN: Oh, it's you, Doctor Smith. Come back to pick my brain a bit more, hmm?
DOCTOR: Hello, Stephen. This is my assistant, Miss McShane.
ACE: Hiya.
DOCTOR: We don't have much time. The officer outside your door still thinks I'm just another specialist, but once he hears about what I did on the radio
STEPHEN: You lost Walter, didn't you, after all the help I gave you. Bet he figured out who you were and ran. Smart boy. Real smart. Even if he was always a bit twitchy for my taste.
ACE: If you're so scared of the Doctor, how come you're helping him?
STEPHEN: Because he's the only one who believes me about the monster. Who'd have thought.
DOCTOR: Stephen, we need to know where to find Walter again.
STEPHEN: He'll be going after the Fearmonger.
ACE: You mean Harper or the creature?
STEPHEN: Harper's just the host. The Fearmonger feeds off the emotion she stirs up.
DOCTOR: The creature's been feeding this way all along for centuries, usually without being noticed. Only a few people are sensitive to it.
ACE: So that's what Walter's hearing, right? In her voice. And once it's stirred up these emotions
DOCTOR: It feeds off them.
ACE: Oh, why couldn't these things just eat happy thoughts?
DOCTOR: That's not what it was designed for.
STEPHEN: Walter learned how to hear it. I taught him. I needed someone to believe me.
DOCTOR: And so Stephen tracked it down and tried to kill its host.
ACE: Oh, and it struck back.
DOCTOR: Mmm, the damage to his mind, it's unmistakable. The creature got in there and did that to him.
STEPHEN: Try to imagine what it's like, hmm? You're twitching so much you can't fall asleep. Finally you drift

off smack into the hardest nightmare you've ever had. You wake up screaming again, but of course, the nightmare's still there.

DOCTOR: Stephen, where's Walter?

STEPHEN: You'll make this go away, won't you?

DOCTOR: I can't. All I can do is keep it from getting worse.

STEPHEN: I bet he'll try again at the rally tomorrow. He'll take her out and it'll all be over, just like that.

DOCTOR: No.

STEPHEN: No?

DOCTOR: If the host dies, the creature moves on. You wouldn't have won that way. All you'd have done is commit murder.

STEPHEN: No. No, it's not true. She's a monster. Got that? A monster. Needs killing.

ACE: Get off him!

STEPHEN: You can't let her live. No! No!

ACE: Get in there, he's gone berserk.

HOSPITAL DOCTOR: Nurse, bring a hypodermic.

DOCTOR: Ah, well, exit stage left, I think, Ace. Are you all right?

ACE: That could be Walter in there next.

DOCTOR: That could be anyone in the Fearmonger's path. Ah well, onto our next lead.

ACE: Which is?

DOCTOR: How about we make it one of your initiative tests?

ACE: Because you haven't got the first clue, right?

DOCTOR: Hmm.

ACE: Right. Well, we're stuck waiting until the rally tomorrow.

DOCTOR: And in the meantime?

ACE: I've got one lead to follow. Reports that the Cumberland sausage is on special at Cafe Blue Note.

DOCTOR: Ah, excellent.

ACE: And Johnny Holloway's on trumpet tonight.

DOCTOR: Oh, and before he becomes famous, too.

MICK: And it's time for today's scintillating edition of the Mick Thompson Show, where we deliver a good, old-fashioned finger in the eye to everyone who thinks they know better. The time is now 11:05 am, which means today's New Britannia rally should just be getting started down in Mile End. So let's give a nice friendly sieg heil to Sherilyn's shock troops, and go to the phones.

RODERICK: Ten minutes to show time, ma'am.

SHERILYN: Great, wonderful. Are the security screens in place?

RODERICK: Of course. And the upper level galleries are being patrolled.

SHERILYN: All right, then. (drink) Urgh! What was the sell-by date on this coffee?

RODERICK: I suggest you think of it as vintage, ma'am. With the fees for extra security, we had to economise wherever we could.

SHERILYN: Right. My first act after the election will be to grant Government subsidised coffee supplies to all political campaigns. It is safe to go out there, isn't it?

RODERICK: No question, ma'am. The security men are patrolling the upper galleries, the service entrances have been barricaded, the audience passed through metal detectors. No one gets in or out unless we say so.

(Cheers and whistles. The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

DOCTOR: All right, which way?

ACE: You're asking me?

DOCTOR: You were the one watching the scanner.

ACE: Yeah, and you saw how many blips there were on it. How am I supposed to tell his body heat from anyone else's?

DOCTOR: Try one that was away from the others.

ACE: Oh, all right then. This way. But what if he's not backstage? He could be out there in the audience.

DOCTOR: Then he'd have to go through the security checks with everyone else. Now, what's the best way to avoid security measures?

ACE: Don't be there when they have them?

DOCTOR: Mmm hmm.

ACE: Ah, so he came here last night before they sealed the place off. Of course.

DOCTOR: Very good.

ACE: Pity we didn't think of it last night, then.

DOCTOR: Yes. Keep an eye out for the security guards.

WALTER: Something's got to be done. Stevie was right, something's got to be done. Something's got to be done. Something's got to be done.

(Cheers.)

RODERICK: Thank you. Thank you all for coming. And now, a lady who needs no introduction, so I'll get off this stage as quickly as possible (laughter) your Party Leader and mine, Sherilyn Harper!

(Cheers and applause.)

SHERILYN: Thank you all. After what happened last week, there were people who said I would have to be crazy to face another crowd again. And I'll be honest, for a while I was one of those people. But then I realised why it was so important that I stand here with you today.

(Applause.)

SHERILYN: People these days are afraid, and with good reason. Afraid of the lawless gangs, and the drugs and violence they bring into our cities. Afraid of our nation losing ever more control to the rest of Europe. Afraid to speak simple truths for fear of being labelled Politically Incorrect or worse.

HECKLER: You tell 'em, Sherilyn!

(Laughter.)

SHERILYN: As the world gets smaller and smaller, as Europe breathes down our neck and Asia clamours for a larger piece of our pie, we are evermore under threat from these people. People directly hostile to our way of life. My friends, I knew I had to speak here today, in front of all of you, to show that they will not scare us off. (applause) That we will continue to speak up in the name of decent God-fearing, hard-working, tax-paying white people throughout this country.

(Cheers.)

ACE: You hear that? I don't believe it. She's worse than Thompson was. Oh, remind me again why we're trying to save her life.

DOCTOR: Unfortunately, Sherilyn Harper is something more important than just another radio bully.

ACE: It's just the same game, though. He demonises her, she demonises everyone.

DOCTOR: A demon isn't even the start of it. Come on, this way.

WALTER: I hear you. Oh yeah, I can hear you just fine. Every word she says, I can hear you in it, loud and clear. I hear you.

SHERILYN: (Fearmonger) If you try to drive us out, we will drive you back where you came from. If you attempt to destroy the values that made this nation great, I say we will destroy you.

(Cheers.)

ACE: I can't believe we're doing this. Have you even listened to a word she's said?

DOCTOR: No.

ACE: No?

DOCTOR: No, I'm listening to the noise.

ACE: Which noise?

DOCTOR: The way she's speaking, the roar of the crowd, the rhythm, the repetition, all designed to stop people thinking and start them feeling. Sounds without sense.

ACE: So the creature's controlling them like that?

DOCTOR: No, that's just public speaking. But it does produce plenty of what the creature wants.

ACE: Shh. This way.

(Beeping.)

DOCTOR: Of course. Right underneath centre stage.

(Ticking sound.)

DOCTOR: Walter.

WALTER: Stay back. Don't come anywhere near me.

ACE: Shh. Remember last time. He's scared of you.

DOCTOR: Of me?

WALTER: I know what you do. Stevie saw all your government files, heard all the stories. They say if you talk to someone, you'll bend their minds, they'll do whatever you want.

ACE: You'd better stay back a bit on this one.

DOCTOR: Good luck.

ACE: Yeah. It's just me. I'm unarmed.

WALTER: Yeah. Well, that's good, 'cos I'm not.

ACE: You don't have to do this.

WALTER: No closer. This is a dead man switch I'm holding.
DOCTOR: Why? You're not a dead man.
WALTER: Don't even talk to me! If I let go of it, boom. If you try to stop me, boom. In three minutes, boom anyway. If you go now you can still get clear.
ACE: Why?
WALTER: What do you
ACE: Why put your bomb on a timer if you're going to go up with it anyway? Why not just push the button?
WALTER: Because.
ACE: Because you don't really want to push it, do you.
DOCTOR: Well spotted, Ace. Press the button and you have to do it yourself.
WALTER: Leave me alone.
ACE: He's just talking to me, not you.
DOCTOR: But a timer or a dead man's switch, I mean, there's no moment where you have to think about it. It just sort of happens. It's easy.
WALTER: I just want it to be over.
DOCTOR: Just wait, just twitch, don't think. And if you think, you know you'll want to stop.
WALTER: I want to stop her.
ACE: I know. You see all that hate out there and it burns you up. You just want to blow it all away. But another bomb's not enough for that. You have to think.
DOCTOR: You have to know.
ACE: And he knows.
DOCTOR: I know how to drive this creature out of Sherilyn Harper.
WALTER: You can hear it? Can you hear the noise in her now?
ACE: No, we can't. And that's why we need *you*.
DOCTOR: We need you alive.
(Gunfire.)
ACE: What's that?
DOCTOR: I don't know, Ace. I don't know!
WALTER: It's started. The creature's war, it's started! No, not like this!
DOCTOR: Ace, the dead man's switch!
WALTER: Not like this!
ACE: Walter, no!

[Part Two]

WALTER: Let go of me!
DOCTOR: Just keep his hand on the switch for a moment longer.
(Beep!)
ACE: Ah!
WALTER: No!
ACE: Look, you want to die, or you want to stop this thing?
WALTER: I don't, I didn't want, I didn't want to
ACE: Shh. Don't worry. We'll get you out of here, all right?
DOCTOR: Well done, Ace. You're getting good at this.
(Distant sounds of panic.)
ACE: Yeah, I am rather, thanks. Come on, we've got to move.
DOCTOR: Leave the bomb. I'd rather keep Walter away from temptation.
ACE: Right.
WALTER: I tried to stop it. I really did try.
DOCTOR: Ace, did you notice about the gunfire?
ACE: What, that some of them were laser guns? Yeah, serious anachronism.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, yes, but I just meant they've stopped firing. I'm going for a look.
ACE: Right, I'll get Walter back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Ace, look at him. I mean, do you think he's in any state to deal with a time machine?
ACE: Good point. I'll just get him out the door, then.
DOCTOR: I'll move the Tardis out of sight when I'm finished here. Take care.
ACE: Act concussed. Think you can do that?
(Walter groans.)
ACE: Thought so.

RODERICK: In an orderly fashion. (feedback) Everybody, remain calm. Please proceed in an orderly fashion to the exits.

DOCTOR: What's the situation?

RODERICK: Oh, it was horrible. They just burst into the back of the auditorium and opened fire on the stage

DOCTOR: No sign of who they were?

RODERICK: Er, no. They were dressed in black with balaclavas.

DOCTOR: And they've all gone?

RODERICK: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: Then you might want to have your security men send people out to the backstage exit as well. It'll get them to safety faster.

RODERICK: Well, you heard him. Do it! That's very good thinking, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Doctor?

RODERICK: Yes, Doctor, we've been expecting you. Isn't this the point where you usually arrive in the midst of chaos and sidle into the good graces of the authority figures when they're not paying attention?

DOCTOR: Goodbye.

RODERICK: Come back here! (sigh) Ma'am, no luck, I'm afraid. He bolted.

SHERILYN: So much for your charm and diplomacy, Roderick. Oh God, I need a drink.

RODERICK: We'll have our answers from him soon enough. Now, we'll get the police to take your statement and then we'll have you taken home.

SHERILYN: Oh God, the police. If there's one more thing I have to face today

(Car horns.)

WALTER: Ace?

ACE: Get across the street. The crowd's thinned out over there. Ow. Oi, get out the way. There, you all right?

WALTER: Yeah. I didn't think I'd be alive right now.

ACE: Oh, you get used to it.

WALTER: I'm sorry. I thought I could make it all stop.

ACE: Yeah, I know, you want to fix it all, but you've got to know what you're doing. I learned that from the Doctor.

WALTER: The Doctor. Do you know the things he's done?

ACE: Yeah. Probably better than you do.

WALTER: And you still trust him?

ACE: Yeah, 'course.

DOCTOR: Good to know.

ACE: Oh! Don't do that.

DOCTOR: Sorry.

ACE: Where's the Tardis?

DOCTOR: Parked safely down the street. I think we'd better stay on foot for a while.

WALTER: So now what?

ACE: Well, whoever started shooting in there, we've got to find and stop them the way we did you.

WALTER: You said you were going to stop Harper, the creature.

DOCTOR: We're going to try to get someone inside Harper's campaign.

ACE: Yeah, Paul Tanner. A friend of a friend from back in Perivale. He'll help set her up. But the men with guns in there might be more important.

WALTER: No, it's Harper, it has to be.

DOCTOR: Walter? Heads or tails.

WALTER: What?

DOCTOR: Heads or tails.

WALTER: Heads.

(Coin tossed and caught.)

DOCTOR: All right, then. Paul first, mysterious attackers later. Come on.

ACE: Well, that's genius at work.

DOCTOR: Two parts genius, one part panic. We'd better hurry.

RODERICK: Feeling a bit better?

SHERILYN: Just get me home, put a guard on the door, give me hot chocolate and my favourite bunny slippers, and I'll be fine. You worry about getting the truth out of those UN bastards. It's not enough that they want me dead, they want to tear me down too.

RODERICK: No need to worry, ma'am. I've ensured that the police consider the Doctor involved in this attack. I don't think he'll be getting a friendly reception wherever he goes next.

(Doorbell rings.)

PAUL: Yeah, yeah, give me a moment.

(Door opens.)

PAUL: Ace! Hey, what's going on?

DOCTOR: Paul Tanner, congratulations, you're today's lucky winner. Ace, tell the man what he's won.

ACE: A complete set of explanations from the Professor here. And you have no idea what a rare and precious thing that is.

DOCTOR: Ace.

PAUL: What are you

DOCTOR: And now you have a chance to play the bonus round of our game, in which you help us save the life of a Parliamentary candidate. May we come inside? Oh, thank you. Delightful place you have here.

Walter, go turn the radio on. We need to hear the news.

PAUL: Hang on. Walter? That Walter?

ACE: Yeah, you got a problem?

PAUL: Well, yeah.

(Door closes.)

PAUL: Yesterday I thought you wanted to arrest him, and now you've got him in my kitchen?

DOCTOR: Do you want a dangerous fugitive staying in your flat?

PAUL: Of course not.

DOCTOR: Well then, don't upset him and he'll be a nice fugitive staying in your flat. Walter, got the radio?

WALTER: Er, yeah.

DOCTOR: Then pull up some chairs, and who's going to make the tea?

WALTER: Hi.

PAUL: Hi yourself. Ace, I don't want to know about this anymore.

ACE: Shh.

MICK [OC]: Tomorrow afternoon. And it looks like the police have just released a tape they've been sent by a group claiming responsibility for the latest attempt on Sherilyn Harper's life.

ALEXSANDR [distorted]: This is Aleksandr Karadjic, spokesman for the United Front. We oppose the racist policies and ethnic cleansing agenda of the New Britannia Party. As such, we are performing a series of surgical strikes against the party and its leaders. We will attempt to minimise civilian casualties, but we are not willing to tolerate this blight upon the world. You will hear more from us over the weeks to come.

MICK [OC]: Well, this Alexandra sounds like

PAUL: So, are you looking to stop these guys or join up with them?

ACE: What do you think?

PAUL: Sorry, I don't

ACE: We just don't want anyone killed. This bunch has nothing to do with the creature.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Perhaps.

ACE: Oh, you think there's more to it?

DOCTOR: Well, it's possible the Fearmonger is attracting dangerously unstable people to attack it. No offense, Walter.

ACE: You mean using them to stir up more fear and panic, and probably feeding off their fear of her at the same time?

DOCTOR: Yes, very neat.

ACE: Oh, it's like trying to get answers from a rock. What aren't you saying?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, just wondering if that was Aleksandr's real voice.

WALTER: Another alien.

PAUL: A what?

DOCTOR: Shh.

MICK [OC]: Released the following statement.

SHERILYN [Fearmonger]: To those who wish to silence the voice of the ordinary man and woman (Walter has a panic attack.)

PAUL: What? What?

ACE: Walter, are you all right?

WALTER: Can't you hear it? In her, in her words.

PAUL: Hear what? I don't hear anything.

DOCTOR: None of us do.

ACE: It's all right, she's not going to hurt you. We've got you.

DOCTOR: Turn it off. The radio, turn it off.

WALTER: Got, got to stop it. Make it stop.

PAUL: I can't deal with this, I just can't.

DOCTOR: Wire stripper.

ACE: Wire stripper.

PAUL: Well, Walter's sleeping it off on my sofa. Feel free to help yourself to my workshop.

DOCTOR: Oh, delighted. Heat sink clamp.

ACE: Heat sink clamp.

PAUL: So what's this creature you were talking about? The Fearmonger.

ACE: It's a Fearmongoid from the planet Fearmongos.
PAUL: You're joking.
ACE: 'Course I am. We don't know where they came from.
DOCTOR: Most people in a position to ask one tend to end up as gibbering wrecks. Soldering iron.
ACE: Soldering iron.
PAUL: Come on, you've got to give me more than that. What's it called?
DOCTOR: We know what it does, and how it does it, but I'm afraid there's no easy label for what it is.
ACE: We've got some stories about where they might have come from, though.
PAUL: Well?
ACE: Okay. Things that make people feel lots of strong emotions can bring them together, give them a feeling of community. Like a World Cup match, right?
PAUL: Right.
ACE: So what they figure is, this ancient alien civilisation
DOCTOR: Call them the Jinmoti of Boslen Two. Sounds like a convincing name.
ACE: So these blokes created a whole bunch of these creatures to stir up different emotions. Fear, pride, anger, compassion, whatever.
DOCTOR: They thought it would strengthen their society if people felt more. Multimeter.
ACE: Multimeter. And the different creatures kept the different emotions in balance.
DOCTOR: But the civilisation fell. Millennia passed, the creatures lived on, scattered, found their way off-planet, and the one responsible for fear ended up here.
ACE: Wonder which planet got lost?
DOCTOR: Ace, what are you doing?
ACE: Getting the screwdriver.
DOCTOR: Why?
ACE: You're going to ask for that next.
DOCTOR: Ha! Pliers.
ACE: Oh. Pliers.
PAUL: Okay. So this thing, it's a psychic phenomenon? Something electrical?
ACE: Not really much of a difference, is there.
DOCTOR: They can move around on their own, but they tend to stay in one host for long periods of time. Screwdriver.
ACE: Ha ha! Screwdriver.
DOCTOR: They pick a host who's useful to them, someone with plenty of fear of their own, or someone who's good at cultivating fear in others.
ACE: Like Harper.
PAUL: Oh, come on. So just because she thinks we get a raw deal on immigration, suddenly she's an alien who's into race wars?
DOCTOR: No, it's just that she makes a lot of noise. The kind of noise this creature likes. There. Finished.
PAUL: This is nuts.
ACE: No, it's a forcefield.
PAUL: What?
ACE: See?
DOCTOR: It's calibrated to the creature's wavelength. Anything but the creature can pass through harmlessly.
PAUL: You built that out of my junk drawer?
ACE: Yeah, you should see what he can do with what's in your fridge.
PAUL: What's it for?
ACE: Well, we set those things up around the creature's host
DOCTOR: Then a quick adjustment
ACE: The field closes in, the creature's crushed, the host walks away free.
PAUL: You're serious about this. So what do you need me for?
DOCTOR: We can't get close enough to Harper to set it up. They've got records on us.
ACE: Hmm. Anyway, I'd deck her.
DOCTOR: So we need you to go to New Britannia's head offices and tell them a few things they may want to hear.

RODERICK: So, you say you've got some information on the United Front for us.
PAUL: Yeah, but I've got to tell Sheryllyn herself.
RODERICK: Mrs Harper's at home, recuperating. But I'm her campaign manager. If there's anything she needs to know?
PAUL: Yeah, sure. Er, can we talk in your office?
RODERICK: Of course.
PAUL: And could you point me towards the er

RODERICK: Down the other hall, first door on the left.

PAUL: Thanks. I'll catch you up.

PAUL: She's not here.

DOCTOR: We won't get another chance. We'll have to set it up anyway.

ACE: Oh, right. Just keep him busy for a few minutes till we're finished in there, all right? We'll meet you back at the car.

PAUL: Okay. Sure. Oh God.

DOCTOR: We just have to hope they don't search her office before Harper comes back. Hide one behind that houseplant.

ACE: Right. And once we get them set up and calibrated, then what?

DOCTOR: Then I have to be here when she's here to trigger it.

ACE: Which means sneaking in all over again tomorrow.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. Oh well, best laid plans.

ACE: And yours too.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Ace.

PAUL: Okay, so Walter Jacobs came to me and

RODERICK: I thought you said this was about the United Front?

PAUL: Yeah, it is. I mean, it was. I

RODERICK: You're frightened of something.

PAUL: Well, yeah.

RODERICK: There's no need to be afraid of us, even if you're not, strictly speaking, on our side. We're not the terrorists here.

PAUL: It was a guy from the United Front, and he said

RODERICK: Hmm?

PAUL: He wanted me to hack into the phone system for them, to help with something they were gonna

RODERICK: Paul, you seem like a decent law-abiding sort of fellow. Someone I can trust, not the type to be part of criminal activity on this scale. So, do you want to tell me more?

PAUL: It's Walter. The other gunman? He's asleep on my sodding sofa.

RODERICK: I see.

PAUL: And the Doctor and Ace, they're sneaking into the office right now.

RODERICK: Thank you. You've done the right thing. (comms) Attention, security. Could you search the office for two unauthorised visitors? Oh, and be sure to make plenty of noise while you're doing it.

ACE: They're searching out there. They're on to us! Time's up, let's go.

DOCTOR: No, abandon plan. Pick it all up.

ACE: No time.

DOCTOR: We can't leave it here now. They know we've been here. They'll search the room.

ACE: Oh, great. We'll have to start all over again.

DOCTOR: Afraid so. Door.

ACE: Door.

RODERICK: There, that ought to put the wind up them.

PAUL: So that's it. It's all taken care of?

RODERICK: Ah, no.

PAUL: No?

RODERICK: Your story will sound flimsy unless the police actually catch them while they're conspiring with Walter. I think you'd better go back to your house with them. Just keep them there for a little while, until the police arrive.

PAUL: Just a few more minutes, right?

RODERICK: Of course. Now, you'd better get going.

ACE: Can't you go any faster?

PAUL: It's all right, we're almost home. No need to worry.

ACE: We should just grab Walter and go.

PAUL: I don't see why you're so scared of Sherilyn in the first place. I mean, all she does is say the kind of things we all think.

ACE: Oh, come on. You don't buy into all that. The tandoori menace that's driving decent fish and chip shops out of business.

PAUL: Well, yeah, she goes over the top. But that's not the bit that really matters.

DOCTOR: Makes it easier for them if you think that, doesn't it? You just hear what you want to hear, and call the rest noise.

PAUL: Come on, at least she believes what she says, which is more than
ACE: Walter? You awake?
PAUL: Just slow down for a minute. I mean, can't we talk this over sensibly?
(Sizzling sound.)
DOCTOR: Wait. Turn around, slowly.
PAUL: Jesus!
DOCTOR: That blob of energy is what lives inside Sherilyn Harper.
PAUL: What's it doing here?
DOCTOR: It knows we're a threat. We know what it is.
ACE: How did it find us? It got here faster than we did.
DOCTOR: You're right, it does seem to have been one step ahead of us all along. Get back. The kitchen.
PAUL: What's it doing?
DOCTOR: Trying to scare us, to feed. That's why it hasn't really attacked yet.
PAUL: Really attacked?
ACE: This thing sucks up fear and hatred, right. Well, imagine if it gives you a lot back in one go.
DOCTOR: Then you end up like Stephen Keyser in a mental hospital. Don't let it touch you.
(Scream, clatter of pans.)
ACE: So if we stop being afraid, it will kill us, and if we are afraid we just feed it.
DOCTOR: It's all a display of power. I think we ought to show it just how much power it has over us, don't you? Frying pan.
ACE: Huh. Frying pan.
DOCTOR: Hi-ya! (clang) Ha, ha, ha, ha.
ACE: Look out! Doctor!
PAUL: My God.
ACE: Doctor!
(Sizzling sound stops.)
ACE: Oh right, he's still breathing. Doctor, can you hear me?
DOCTOR: (weak) Ace? Remind me next time, use a non-stick frying pan.
ACE: You'll be all right.
PAUL: Oh God, where is it? Where's it gone?
ACE: Just disappeared through the wall or something
DOCTOR: I earthed a lot of its energy. I think it's badly drained.
ACE: The score's one all, then.
PAUL: Ace, you've got to get out of here. They're coming. They're on their way!
ACE: It's all right, Paul. It's gone. I think it hit him pretty bad.
DOCTOR: No, it's just a glancing blow. He'll get better.
PAUL: No! The police, they're on their way with Roderick. They're coming for you.
ACE: You sold us out?
PAUL: I was scared. But that thing scares me more.
ACE: Oh, I'll bet.
DOCTOR: Ace, get Walter. We're leaving.
ACE: Right.
DOCTOR: You should come with us.
PAUL: You mean go on the run? You just go stop that thing. I'll cover for you with Roderick. Come on, go!
DOCTOR: One more thing you can do for us.
PAUL: What?
DOCTOR: I'll tell you later. I'll be in touch.
WALTER: What? What's going on?
ACE: We are, at high speeds. Come on.
DOCTOR: Just let me lean on you for a moment, Ace.
WALTER: Oh God, oh God.

PAUL: I tried to stop them, but Walter shoved me out of the way, and I hit the wall and
RODERICK: I see. Well, they left Walter's gun behind, so it's clear they left in a hurry.
PAUL: You think I might be making this up? Like I hit myself over the head to make my story look good?
RODERICK: Well, it has been known. In any case, if you hear anything further from them, you should contact me immediately.
PAUL: I can't deal with this.
RODERICK: After all, it would encourage me and the authorities to look more positively upon the fact that you were harbouring known fugitives.
PAUL: I'll do what I can.
RODERICK: I'm terribly sorry to bring that detail up, but you know how it is. You can't trust anyone these days.

ACE: If we keep going past the bridge, there's a hotel there. We can hole up for the night.
WALTER: And then what? What you were just saying, after you've stopped the monster you're just going to walk away?
DOCTOR: Is there something else I should do?
WALTER: But the election!
DOCTOR: Harper's a human-sized problem. You don't need me to take care of her.
WALTER: She could get the balance of power.
DOCTOR: I think you humans can muddle through with the minimum of meddling from me.
WALTER: You can't let her keep going! I'm not. I won't!
ACE: Oh, come back here! Oh, he's heading for the bridge. Walter!
DOCTOR: I'll catch you up.

(Train goes past.)

ACE: Walter, get down from there. You jump and you'll never get to stop Harper.
WALTER: You know why Paul sold you out?
ACE: Just climb back down and tell me.
WALTER: 'Cos Harper's still part of the system. She's a bigot but she follows the laws, so she's not that scary, right?
ACE: So?
WALTER: If the system gives people like that an edge, nothing changes, unless you take her out, take the whole thing out.
ACE: Is that a reason to top yourself?
WALTER: Well, you're not going to stop her. She just goes on. I thought we were going to ... I'm scared of not stopping her.
ACE: I'm not scared.
WALTER: I just scared you. That's why you came after me.
ACE: No. I'm here because I want to keep you in one piece.
WALTER: Why?
ACE: Because you're worth it. Someone thought I was worth it. It's only fair. Yeah, that's it. Come on. Let's get you to the hotel.
WALTER: Thanks.

DOCTOR: Need a breath of air?
ACE: Yeah. Walter's in his room now. I think he's still with us.
DOCTOR: You did well.
ACE: Sure. He's right, though.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
ACE: Oh, no coloured signs in 1963, Pakis out and petrol bombs in my time. Now it's the future and it's ethnic cleansing. Nothing changes, does it.
DOCTOR: Forty years ago, Harper wouldn't even have been out of the ordinary. It does change, you know. Never completely, never all at once, but it does.
ACE: But when?
DOCTOR: Are you looking for the butterfly?
ACE: What, the one who beats its wings and tips the balance so the hurricane forms? There isn't one, is there.
DOCTOR: Not often. They just tell the butterflies that to keep them happy.
ACE: Should have known.
DOCTOR: No, mostly they break the butterfly on the wheel of Time. Over the decades, the millions of butterflies, the weather still changes somehow. That's Time. A million multi-coloured pieces of Time.
ACE: Thanks. You could turn it all around, you know. Reach your hands in and just, well, change everything.
DOCTOR: Yes. But then I'm a silly old man with far too much Time on his hands already. Come on, let's go inside. History can sort itself out.

ALEXSANDR: Ten, nine, eight. Let's start recording. This is Aleksandr Karadjic. We of the United Front claim responsibility for
(KaBOOM!)
ALEXSANDR: That. Thank you.

ACE: Morning, Professor. Heard the news?
DOCTOR: The United Front?
WALTER: Yeah, they took out one of New Britannia's district offices around midnight.
ACE: No one was there, but still.

DOCTOR: This is getting out of control. Walter, I want you to arrange a meeting with someone from the United Front.

WALTER: What?

DOCTOR: You've got contacts. You must know someone who knows someone.

ACE: And the United Front will have heard of you. Oh just drop your name a bit.

DOCTOR: Tell them that we want to meet them somewhere out of the way. Maybe the Isle of Dogs. It's the only way to stop this.

WALTER: You think they should be stopped? I'll make the calls.

(Water lapping.)

DOCTOR: Any sign of them?

ACE: Nothing yet.

WALTER: Look, the stories about you. They say you're not even human, right?

DOCTOR: Well, human is a relative term, and I will admit my relatives are rather odd.

WALTER: And you've helped with lots of revolutions, out there?

DOCTOR: Oh, all sorts. Against fascists, capitalists, insects, mad computers, anything you care to name.

WALTER: So why not this time?

ACE: Because you don't need one.

DOCTOR: And I refuse to be responsible for the fall of every sparrow.

ACE: Erm.

DOCTOR: And if I do it all, there's no fun for everyone else.

(Diesel engined vehicle arrives.)

DOCTOR: I mean, if people want a real change

ACE: Erm!

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

WALTER: What do we do?

DOCTOR: I think we'd better do what the nice men with the big guns tell us to do.

ALEXSANDR: Get in the car.

WALTER: I think I can get my blindfold up a bit.

DOCTOR: Very good. Keep trying.

ACE: Doctor, did you see the gun the lead one was carrying?

DOCTOR: Yes, a high radiation beryllium laser. A particularly cruel and lethal piece of weaponry. They're banned by almost every world that's ever developed them.

WALTER: So this lot are aliens too, then.

DOCTOR: No. Human.

WALTER: How?

DOCTOR: The guns are based on a prototype they were working on when I was at UNIT. They won't ban them here for another twenty years.

ACE: So they're still classified.

DOCTOR: No doubt.

ACE: Then this lot must have some powerful backers somewhere.

WALTER: Guess this is it then.

(Heavy door opened. Feet scuffle.)

ALEXSANDR: You can remove your blindfolds but don't turn around. If you move from where you're standing, you'll be shot. Now, who are you?

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and this is Walter Jacobs. I believe you've heard of him.

ALEXSANDR: What's your connection to New Britannia?

WALTER: They've been protecting me from them. They know what Sherilyn Harper is.

ALEXSANDR: You'll vouch for them?

WALTER: Yeah, I will.

ALEXSANDR: All right. So you're (voice normal) looking to join forces.

ACE: No, we just want to stop you making a bit mistake.

ALEXSANDR: It's too late for that.

DOCTOR: No one needs to die, and so far no one has. Not even at the rally.

ALEXSANDR: We were just announcing our arrival.

ACE: You missed.

ALEXSANDR: Did not. It was a strategic decision. We didn't want to hit any of the civilians.

ACE: Sure.

DOCTOR: Alexsandr, there are other ways to do this. I don't know how long you've been in this country

ALEXSANDR: I've been living in London longer than Harper has, and I've heard garbage like hers all my life. You can talk all you want. I saw where talk gets you.

DOCTOR: I know where talk gets you. It's listening you might want to try.

RODERICK: News from the police, ma'am. Apparently they sighted the Doctor and his friends being taken away by the United Front.

SHERILYN: Well now.

RODERICK: Indeed, ma'am

SHERILYN: Interesting.

RODERICK: My very thought.

SHERILYN: Roderick, could you kindly not start agreeing until after I've said something.

RODERICK: Er, of course, ma'am.

SHERILYN: This means even if he does make it away from them in one piece, then with our previous statements

RODERICK: The police will have more than enough reason to hold him as a suspected international terrorist.

SHERILYN: Until safely after the election, at least. You know, Roderick, once in a while I see why you enjoy this sort of thing so much.

RODERICK: Quite so, ma'am

DOCTOR: You realise you're playing right into Harper's hands.

ACE: She needs to make people afraid of an enemy, and you're giving that to her. People don't agree with you, you just frighten them.

DOCTOR: And what kind of a name is United Front anyway? I mean, it's so generic. You might as well just call yourself Them. (sotto) Or is that the idea?

ALEXSANDR: We'd rather be feared than ignored.

ACE: Oh, figures.

ALEXSANDR: So are you with us or against us?

WALTER: I'm with you.

ACE: What?

DOCTOR: Walter, no.

WALTER: They're right about this. Something's got to be done.

ACE: Not this.

DOCTOR: Walter, it doesn't have to be like this.

WALTER: I'm sorry. Sorry. If you don't like it, well, we'll just let you go, but

ALEXSANDR: No, we won't.

WALTER: Why not? They've been protecting me.

ALEXSANDR: And now you're with us. They won't be protecting you anymore. You've crossed the line.

They'll sell us out in a heartbeat. It's them or us.

DOCTOR: Isn't it always?

ACE: Oh, this is stupid. Here.

ALEXSANDR: Put the blindfold back on. Now.

ACE: You said you don't want to kill civilians.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Ace, careful.

ACE: (sotto) I know. I'm getting good at this, remember? (normal) Walter, you really think you'd want to join them if they shoot us?

ALEXSANDR: You're a threat. If you've found out where we

ACE: We can't shop you to the police, they're after us too. Come on, these blindfolds are just 'cos you don't want to look us in the eye.

ALEXSANDR: Don't make me shoot you.

ACE: No, I won't. 'Cos you're just going to lower your gun, let us go our own way out of here. Right?

ALEXSANDR: Stay back.

ACE: Look at me. Look me in the eye. Do you really want to pull the trigger? Is it really worth (Gunshot, Ace cries out.)

DOCTOR: Ace!

[Part Three]

(Ace is in pain.)

DOCTOR: Call an ambulance. Someone call an ambulance. Now!

ALEXSANDR: I didn't want to. She shouldn't have come towards me.

DOCTOR: You didn't want someone to die unless they had to. Why does she have to die?

WALTER: Something's got to be done.

DOCTOR: Walter, she saved your life. Is this what you want to do with it?

WALTER: Phone an ambulance.

ALEXSANDR: I don't think you're clear on the concept of

WALTER: Do it. If you want me with you, you've got to let them go.

ALEXSANDR: Right, the rest of you clear out. Don't leave anything behind. You'd better be worth it, Walter. (Running boots.)

WALTER: Doctor, if you talk to the police, I'm dead.

DOCTOR: Thanks for trusting me. Now go! Make the call! (Running feet.)

DOCTOR: It's all right, Ace. It's all right, Ace. It's all right.

TANNOY: Doctor Benjamin, please go to room 359. Doctor Benjamin to room 359.

PAUL: Doctor? Is she all

DOCTOR: They're not sure yet. She'll probably be all right. Eventually.

PAUL: I came as soon as I got your message, and I rang Roderick like you said. But do you really want

DOCTOR: I'm giving you a chance to impress him. You'll know what to do. I've always hated hospitals.

PAUL: Too full of sick people, right?

DOCTOR: And doctors who think they know everything.

PAUL: Yeah. Look, I'm sorry I

RODERICK: Ah! Hello, Doctor. No, don't try to run. There's a police officer on the other side of that door, and he'd very much like to talk to you about the UN's involvement with the terrorists.

DOCTOR: How did you find me?

RODERICK: All thanks to your friend Paul.

DOCTOR: I've been betrayed. How could you?

PAUL: Yeah, well, them's the breaks.

RODERICK: Excellent attitude. Now, Doctor, the police are waiting.

DOCTOR: Am I under arrest?

RODERICK: Unofficially. You know if they do it officially there'll be all sorts of UN protests.

DOCTOR: Paul, keep an eye on Ace for me. I'll be back later tonight.

RODERICK: Ah, yes.

PAUL: Sure.

RODERICK: Not that way. Not yet. Go this way. You're trying to evade me, I'm giving chase. That's what we'll tell the police, at any rate. It'll give you time to give a full statement to me, and thus persuade me to tell them you're not one of the terrorists.

DOCTOR: I can't tell you anything you don't know already.

RODERICK: Any idea where they've gone?

DOCTOR: No.

RODERICK: Any sign of Walter Jacobs?

DOCTOR: No.

RODERICK: We know Walter's joined them.

DOCTOR: I'm sure you do.

RODERICK: And if you weren't introducing Walter to them, why did the UN send you to make contact?

DOCTOR: I went there because I was trying to save your life, Harper's life, everybody's life. Ace tried to save our lives, and now she's got a nice big hole in her shoulder.

RODERICK: Save my life?

DOCTOR: Yes, even you. But there's something I want to know. Why Harper? Why leave the Ministry to back her? Why the fear? Why the hate?

RODERICK: There comes a time in every man's life when he must put aside personal advancement and take a stand for what he truly believes in.

DOCTOR: Yes?

RODERICK: In my case, I'm proud to say that that time has not yet come. They're paying me a mint.

DOCTOR: Ah.

PAUL: Well?

RODERICK: I think that UN security pass of the Doctor's had 'get out of jail free' printed on it.

PAUL: They let him go?

RODERICK: They'll need something a lot stronger to hold him. I'm going to need any further information you have on what he's planning.

PAUL: Er, Mister Allingham, I was wondering. Any chance of a proper job with the campaign? I lost mine a little while back. You know how it is. Competition.

RODERICK: Hmm.

PAUL: Oh, come on. Look, what you worried about? You've got all the cards. You already said, if I give you any trouble, you can send the police after me. You don't have to scare me any more than that.

RODERICK: Mmm, yes. I suppose it's a reasonable price to pay for help against the Doctor.

PAUL: Where's he gone now?

RODERICK: I left him in the waiting room. He said he was staying here tonight. The look in his eyes when he

said that, I almost felt scared for him. Well, almost.

TANNOY: Doctor Gibson, call on line 2. Doctor Gibson, call on line 2.

(Sizzling sound.)

DOCTOR: Hello there. Come to gloat, is that it? Or are you here to finish me off? Do you really want to have an epic confrontation here in the waiting room? What's that, Sparky? You say you want to terrify me within an inch of my life? Oh no, I'm afraid that won't do at all. You see, at my age, there's little left to fear. Not dying. I do that rather well. Not even change. I've seen so much of it by now. In fact, I do believe the one thing I'm really afraid of has just happened. So honestly, what can you do for an encore?

(Rapid ticking, breaking glass.)

DOCTOR: Is that it? We're both drained, and you know it. Now go away. I've got more important people to worry about.

TANNOY: Doctor Hinckley to room 147. Doctor Hinckley (hiss) what, what was that?

DOCTOR: Pay no attention. It's just your worst nightmare.

(Rattle of a keyboard.)

SHERILYN: Morning, Roderick.

RODERICK: Hmm?

SHERILYN: Everything on schedule for the day?

RODERICK: Ship-shape and Bristol fashion, ma'am. And you might be interested in this. I've just received an email from an old colleague in the Ministry, the man responsible for the Doctor's file, and the UN's denying any knowledge of the Doctor's actions.

SHERILYN: Hmm. So either he's deep cover or he's gone freelance.

RODERICK: But either way, the next time he's seen with our United Front friends, the police will be much more interested than before.

SHERILYN: Brilliant! Toast?

RODERICK: No thanks, ma'am. I've already eaten.

ALEXSANDR: Okay Walter, so this one's going to be a real hit and run job. One shot and we're away. You up for that?

WALTER: Look, Alex, I've got to know. Why are you trusting me like this?

ALEXSANDR: Hey, you're the real thing. My gang was just getting started when you and Keyser took those shots at her. You gave us the idea.

WALTER: No, I couldn't have.

ALEXSANDR: Come on, I mean it. You started all this.

WALTER: Yeah.

ALEXSANDR: Anyway, we're almost there.

WALTER: Hey, when you make the tape next time (voice distorts) can I use this thing instead?

ALEXSANDR: Hey, give me that! It's mine.

WALTER: Sorry.

ALEXSANDR: Right, get the bottle.

(Vehicle doors slam shut.)

ALEXSANDR: Now don't light the wick until right before you throw it.

WALTER: This whole thing feels weird. It's not her we're hitting, it's just her house.

ALEXSANDR: It still makes the point. They have to listen to us. Now come on, light it up.

DOCTOR: You might want to break the window first.

WALTER: Doctor!

DOCTOR: After all, if it just bounces off the glass, well, fire-bombing her petunias isn't much of a statement.

ALEXSANDR: What do you want?

DOCTOR: I just came by to see if Sherilyn was at home. She's not. But you knew that, didn't you?

ALEXSANDR: If this is about Ace, I told you I never meant to

DOCTOR: Oh, she's fine.

WALTER: Good.

DOCTOR: They say she'll even recover consciousness later today.

(Blows out match.)

ALEXSANDR: Hey!

DOCTOR: I didn't want you to burn your fingers.

(Gun cocked.)

ALEXSANDR: Right, that's it. Get out of the way.

DOCTOR: Oh, guns, guns, guns! Don't you realise how pointless this is?

ALEXSANDR: It shows we're not going to take it.

DOCTOR: You're just doing the creature's work for it.

WALTER: No, we're scaring people off.
DOCTOR: Harper wants them scared. Which one of you is doing more to scare them?
WALTER: No, it's not
DOCTOR: Oh, it is.
WALTER: I didn't
DOCTOR: It's true. You really started all this.
WALTER: No!
(Glass breaks.)
DOCTOR: Missed me.
ALEXSANDR: Oh, good one, Walter.
DOCTOR: Well, no point in hanging around if you don't have your bomb anymore. Unless you think it's time you stopped all this?
WALTER: Just keep away from me.
DOCTOR: It looks like I've just made you more afraid.
ALEXSANDR: Let's go. You think you've won, eh? Well, just you listen to the news tonight.
(Van doors slam, engines start and drive off.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.

(Monitor beeping. Ace moans.)
DOCTOR: Shh. Don't worry. You're going to be all right, so they tell me.
ACE: Oh, I'm so stupid.
DOCTOR: The United Front fire-bombed the homes of four New Britannia candidates in broad daylight, all across the south of England. I stopped one of them. Only one.
ACE: How long am I going, going to
DOCTOR: They say it'll be at least three weeks before you're out of here. In the meantime, all I can do is wait for another chance at the Fearmonger, and try to put out the fires faster than the United Front can set them. But it's only going to get worse.
ACE: I'm frightened.
DOCTOR: I know. And you're not the only one.

MARK: And coming up next on the Mick Thompson show, Sherilyn Harper pokes her nose out of her bunker to face her critics. Yes, after three weeks of United Front bombs, and Black Lightning stabbings, and White Wolves blowing people up for the hell of it, the city at fever pitch and the election only days away, Miss New Britannia will be appearing here, live, so we can take our best shot. Coming up after the news on Mick Thompson.

MARK: So, you're the flunky they sent to set things up for the interview, eh?
PAUL: Yeah, I'm Sherilyn's new assistant media liaison.
MARK: Don't give me that. You're a gofer. You've got that scared rabbit look in your eyes. So, what are these security arrangements you were going on about?
PAUL: Oh, it's something new we're trying today. An experimental forcefield system I've been developing for public appearances. You see, she sits in that chair there, and at the first sign of trouble
(Electronic wibble.)
MARK: Whoa! Shields up. Wow, it's pretty radical.
SHERILYN: Of course. We're New Britannia. We like radical ideas. Looks good, Paul.
PAUL: Mrs Harper, what are you doing here?
MARK: You're not on for another hour.
SHERILYN: I talked to your producer. She said I could go on first. If the United Front's planning anything, I'll be in and out before they know I'm here.
PAUL: And you didn't even tell me, or anyone on the staff?
SHERILYN: Just Roderick. It was strictly need to know. I'm getting too good at saying things like that.
PAUL: Oh, yeah.
MARK: Okay, well, ten minutes to show time.

DOCTOR: So then, in about an hour's time, Harper arrives at the studio for the interview.
ACE: And Paul's got the forcefield set up.
DOCTOR: Ready and waiting for me. All I need to do is twist the frequency knob, and zip. So, I'd better be going.
ACE: Can't Paul handle it himself?
DOCTOR: He wouldn't know what to do. I've got to go. I'm sorry, Ace
ACE: Don't go all sorry on me again.
DOCTOR: I can hardly apologise for it, now can I?
ACE: You haven't had a shot at Harper for a few days now. If you miss this one, who knows how long you'll

have to wait? Go.

DOCTOR: It's all right, there's plenty of time. You shouldn't even be here. Most people die like this, on their back in a hospital bed, not for anything.

ACE: It's doesn't matter.

DOCTOR: Doesn't it?

ACE: That's why I'm with you. 'Cos no matter what happens, at least I've done something real first.

DOCTOR: I shall keep that in mind. After all, some of my lives have ended for less. And on that cheery little note, I'll be seeing you.

ACE: Bye. Oh, now maybe I can get some sleep.

WALTER: Ace.

ACE: (gasp) Hello, Walter.

MARK: Okay, Sherilyn. Ten seconds. Let's give 'em a good show, all right?

SHERILYN: I never do anything but. Paul, get to the security controls.

PAUL: Of course.

MARK: And now, on the Mick Thompson Show. Her popularity has gone through the roof as she stands tough against terrorists while everyone to the left of Genghis Khan is calling for her

MARK [OC]: head. Will the balance of power be

PAUL: Come on, Doctor.

ACE: You want to hear what I have to say, or are you just supposed to kill me?

WALTER: I wanted to say I'm sorry. I didn't want you to get shot, and I don't want to do what I might have to.

ACE: You're still looking for a reason not to believe him.

WALTER: 'Course I don't believe him. I know what he's done.

ACE: What do you mean, what he's done?

WALTER: You don't know. Stevie told me. He's seen the files. Your Doctor's been running Black Ops projects for the UN since the seventies. Don't laugh.

ACE: Do the files also say he makes great omelettes?

WALTER: I mean it.

ACE: Ow! Ah! Let go!

WALTER: You should be scared. You should be really, really scared.

ACE: Yeah, I think I can manage that right now. But he's on your side this time. He's about to drive the creature out of Harper right now.

WALTER: Don't believe you.

ACE: Oh, turn on the radio. Mick Thompson. She'll be on in less than an hour and then he'll

SHERILYN [OC]: Shouldn't be ruled by our

ACE: Oh no.

WALTER: What?

ACE: She shouldn't be on yet. If she finishes before he gets there

DOCTOR: Hello, Paul. Ready to go?

PAUL: Doctor! Come on, they'll be finished in a few minutes.

DOCTOR: Finished? They shouldn't even have

PAUL: I know.

DOCTOR: This is ridiculous. How can you go from plenty of time to running out of time in no time at all!

WALTER: About five minutes till they break for the news. He should have made it there by now.

ACE: I know, I know. You're not losing it at the sound of her voice anymore.

WALTER: I've got better with that since I joined up with Alex.

ACE: Yeah, the guns and bombs make you a lot braver, don't they?

WALTER: Don't. Just don't.

ACE: You can do better than that, Walter.

WALTER: Shh.

(Distorted male voice on the radio.)

ACE: Come on, what?

WALTER: Can't you hear it? It's in him. It's in him now.

FEARMONGER [OC]: Come on, tell the truth. This is what you're promising us.

DOCTOR: Forcefield on.

PAUL: Got it.

DOCTOR: Good. Now.

PAUL: But, nothing happened.

DOCTOR: Something's very wrong.

WALTER: You can hear it in him. Say you can hear it in him!

ACE: Yes, you're right. I can hear it. I can. You're right, I can hear him!

WALTER: What do we do? What do we do?

ACE: We've got to tell the Doctor and Paul. Right, get the phone.

MICK: Okay, well, the board's really lighting up. Let's see if your questions can get through Mz Harper's forcefield. Judy, you're on. Talk to me.

ACE: Haven't they answered yet?

WALTER: I'm on hold. They've put me in a queue.

ACE: Oh, for Christ's sake.

WALTER: I mean it. Listen.

JUDY [OC]: Smashing up cars and breaking people's windows.

ACE: That's it, I'm going to kill someone!

DOCTOR: These readings, they don't make any sense.

PAUL: Come on, two minutes to the news.

MICK: All right, we've got time for just one more caller. Jim, you're on next with Mick.

WALTER [OC]: Hi, Mick. I'm a long-time listener, only a second time caller, and I just want to say to everyone that you've really got it.

MICK: Thanks. Now

WALTER [OC]: Yeah. Whatever it is, Mick's got it. Everyone listening to me? He's got it.

DOCTOR: Of course! It must have transferred to Thompson.

PAUL: Can it do that?

DOCTOR: You think I'd say that if it couldn't? Redirect the forcefield.

PAUL: I can't. It's not strong enough. If I push it outwards it's too weak to affect Thompson.

DOCTOR: I'll see what I can do. And ring Ace. If this doesn't work we'll need her help.

SHERILYN [OC]: Why did you do it, Walter?

ACE: (sotto) You've got to keep them on the line as long as you can.

SHERILYN [OC]: Well?

ACE: (sotto) Give the Doctor time to work something out.

SHERILYN [OC]: Why did you try to shoot me?

WALTER: Because I saw the monster in you.

SHERILYN [OC]: So you think I'm a monster.

WALTER: No. Now it's gone. You're just a person.

SHERILYN [OC]: I'm glad you admit that.

WALTER: I just wanted to do the right thing.

SHERILYN [OC]: You need help, Walter, and I'd like to make sure you get it. While you're rotting in jail for trying to kill me, of course.

ACE: (sotto) Keep talking.

WALTER: I, I

ACE: (sotto) Say anything.

SHERILYN [OC]: You can't face me, can you. All your guns and bombs, all your friends behind you, and you don't even have the guts to talk to me.

WALTER: I can't.

ACE: Oh here, give me that. Big talk from someone who's been hiding out for three weeks.

WALTER: No, Ace, don't.

SHERILYN [OC]: I'm sorry, please explain?

ACE: Mmm, you think you're under so much fire right now? Well, you can't get much safer than that booth you're in.

ACE [OC]: You know, he's not going to ask you any tough questions. It's just a chance for you both to make noise.

SHERILYN [OC]: Excuse me?

RODERICK: (making a phone call) Ah yes, Detective Inspector Saddler? I think you might want to send a man round to see the Doctor's friend in hospital. If you're quick you'll catch her with a terrorist they've been conspiring with. Yes, we have them on tape together now.

ACE [OC]: He just wants a good show.

RODERICK: Good, eh?

ACE: And you don't have to think, just react, 'cos that makes the show more interesting.

MICK [OC]: Excuse me, babe, but of course it's a show. I am an entertainer.

ACE: Yeah, sure you are.

MICK [OC]: If you take me too seriously, you're a moron. And if you think I'm being rude, you're an even bigger moron, 'cos I'm being funny. You got that?

ACE: Huh, typical bully.

MICK [OC]: What'd you call me?

ACE: You figure if you think it's funny, no one's got the right to think it's not funny.

MICK [OC]: You called me a bully. Clearly you've got no respect for the people's feelings if you talk like that.

ACE: Will you just hang on and listen to me?

(Buzz!)

MICK [OC]: Thank you for playing.

(Toilet flush effect.)

MICK [OC]: And there goes another disgruntled caller, swirling away down the bowl of public opinion.

ACE: Scumbag cut me off.

(Radio off.)

ACE: Oh well, we kept him going as long as we could. What? Oh, come on, what?

WALTER: You shouldn't have spoken. Now they know I'm with you.

ACE: Oh, and they know right where I am. Oh no. We've got to get out of here, both of us.

WALTER: You won't get very far on your own.

ACE: If you're offering me a lift, I don't have much choice, do I? Come on.

WALTER: You think you can make it?

ACE: Oh yeah, I can walk. Don't expect me to run, though.

(Both leave. Telephone rings.)

PAUL: Come on, Ace, answer.

DOCTOR: At least it's ringing now.

PAUL: What do you want me to say to her?

DOCTOR: I need to tell her where to meet me. If I don't leave soon, I'll be noticed.

PAUL: Right. No answer.

DOCTOR: Oh dear. Give me a hand with these plugs.

PAUL: What for?

DOCTOR: So I can take the forcefield with me, so Ace and I can have another chance at Thompson.

PAUL: Oh, right.

(Door opens.)

SHERILYN: Say would be an anti-climax. Paul.

PAUL: Be right there.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Quick, your phone. Let me borrow it.

PAUL: (sotto) Sure, here. (normal) You called?

SHERILYN: Pack all this up and meet me back at the office.

PAUL: No problem.

MICK: Now, come on, Sherilyn, you can't expect me to try to follow all that with an ordinary show. The audience will have a fit if you leave us in the lurch like. No, wait. No, come back. (phone rings) Oh, for crying out loud. What?

DOCTOR [OC]: Hello, it's me.

MICK: What do you want?

DOCTOR [OC]: I've got a very special exclusive story for you. Come to the Brewster's warehouse on the Isle of Dogs right after your show. Goodbye.

MICK: Wackos. Where would I be without them.

(In a car.)

WALTER: So now where?

ACE: Thompson's studio, I guess. We'll have to see if we can catch the Doctor.

WALTER: Okay.

ACE: Walter, would you have killed me back there?

WALTER: No. Couldn't have. Harper was right about me. Too scared to do it.

ACE: She makes it sound like it's a bad thing.

WALTER: Thanks. Sorry I froze on the phone.

ACE: Never mind. At least you were smart enough not to get pulled into his game. I didn't help, I just added to the noise, and whoa!

(Splat, sound of crowd.)

WALTER: What kind of maniac? People could get killed!

ACE: Ah ha?

WALTER: Thanks, I really needed that.

ACE: Anyway, I think that rock was meant for that white kid back there. He'd just thrown one at them.

WALTER: Something's starting, isn't it?

ACE: Yeah, I know.

MICK: And that about wraps it up for the Mick Thompson Show for today. Stay tuned for the news so you can hear about today's dose of mayhem and chaos. I'm Mick and I'm running for cover.

WALTER: Was he in the studio?

ACE: No, Thompson's show's over. Everyone's left.

(Back in the car.)

WALTER: Are you all right?

ACE: Oh, a bit sore from all the exercise. What's happened out here?

WALTER: Whatever they're shouting about, it's getting louder, and closer.

ACE: Oh, just give me a minute. I've got to figure out. Shh, get down.

WALTER: What?

ACE: Thompson.

WALTER: Where's he going?

ACE: Well, wherever he's off to, looks like we'll have to take care of him ourselves.

WALTER: How?

ACE: I'll think of something. Come on, let's go.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Let's see. Now, reverse the polarity, double the intensity. You know, just once I'd like to come up with an elegant plan that doesn't involve lots of last minute rewiring. Ace, where are you?

WALTER: I think we lost him.

ACE: No, wait, that's him. Round the side of the warehouse. He's parking.

WALTER: In there? That's where you got shot.

ACE: Great.

(Get out of car.)

ACE: You think he's out to meet up with your lot?

WALTER: No, Alex wouldn't be there. We only used the place the one time. They only used it, I mean.

(Sound of sirens.)

ACE: I think the riot's moving this way. We won't have much time.

WALTER: He's inside already. Follow me and just keep quiet.

(Warehouse door squeaks.)

WALTER: Oh, sorry

FEARMONGER: Doctor, is that you?

(Walter gasps.)

ACE: Shh.

MICK: Come on, Doctor. You in here?

DOCTOR: Ah, Mister Thompson. So glad you could make it. Wait. Stay there. Stay where you are. Don't move.

MICK: What? Why?

DOCTOR: If you move, I won't be able to do this.

(Turns on forcefield.)

MICK: Very funny. Now let me out of here, okay?

ACE: No chance.

DOCTOR: Glad you could find me, Ace. Is Walter er?

ACE: Yes, he's all right, I think.

MICK: Wait a minute. You're Walter?

ACE: But that creature in there has managed to stir up a riot. It's heading this way.

MICK: So all of this is my fault?

DOCTOR: Not directly, no. But you do your best work when there's a clear enemy, don't you?

ACE: Yeah, someone to stir people up against.

DOCTOR: And after a while it becomes self-sustaining, gets out of control.

WALTER: Yeah, you made a good choice when you picked Thompson, didn't you? You could have done a lot of damage.

MICK: What are you, you're crazy. Oh my God.

DOCTOR: I'm afraid that's all the time we have for now. Ace, Walter, don't look. This might be a bit messy.

MICK: Hey wait, don't. No.

(Forcefield increases and suddenly stops.)

MICK: What was that about?

DOCTOR: I don't understand. Something should have

MICK: Look, are you going to tell me what this is all about?

DOCTOR: According to these readings, not only was the Fearmonger not in Mister Thompson, it was never in him.

MICK: Huh?

WALTER: But I heard him. I heard it jump to him from Harper.

DOCTOR: These are the same readings I got from Harper. No. No, I think I've been following the wrong trail from the beginning.

MICK: Will someone just give me a straight answer here?

DOCTOR: No.

ACE: But there is a monster. We saw it.

DOCTOR: Yes. But it mustn't have been in who we thought it was.

ACE: I heard it in Thompson too, though.

DOCTOR: Was Walter threatening you at the time?

ACE: Well, yeah.

DOCTOR: Then you probably thought that you *should* hear it.

ACE: You mean I made it up?

DOCTOR: We know what a little fear can do to someone's perceptions.

WALTER: What are you talking about? It was in them. I heard it.

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm sure you did. You're the only person who could hear it in them. But you're not entirely well, are you.

WALTER: No, it's not like that.

DOCTOR: You were already scared of Harper, even before you heard the voice, and then you were willing to kill her, to kill lots of people to get at her. If someone like that told you they were hearing voices, what would you think?

WALTER: No! It was real.

DOCTOR: You don't really want to think about being wrong, do you. If she wasn't a monster, then you weren't justified, and maybe you're not all right. Maybe you do need help.

WALTER: No. (cries)

ACE: Hey, hey, it's all right. It's okay.

DOCTOR: I only wish I could have helped you.

ACE: It still doesn't make sense.

DOCTOR: Come on, Ace. (Fearmonger) We'd better be going.

(Ace gasps.)

DOCTOR: Something wrong?

ACE: Er, no. It's nothing.

[Part Four]

MICK: Look, I'm only asking you once more. What is going on?

DOCTOR: Just listen. The riot will be here shortly. A torch-bearing mob out to destroy any monster that crosses their path. But what crosses their path is another mob.

ACE: And we're going to try and stop it.

DOCTOR: Are we? I thought you'd rather go after the Fearmonger.

ACE: No, not just yet.

DOCTOR: I don't know if we can stop it. It's past the butterfly stage and into the hurricane. Who do you expect me to talk to?

ACE: Guess you do your best work when there's a clear enemy too.

DOCTOR: I try. That's all I can do.

ACE: (sotto) 'Course you will. After all, you wouldn't want me to get suspicious, would you?

DOCTOR: Now Mister Thompson, you do have your cell phone with you, am I right?

MICK: Sure, but

DOCTOR: Then I want you to call your producers. Get in touch with the news department, tell them you're on the scene and you want to make a live report via a phone.

MICK: What for?

DOCTOR: Well, I did promise you an exclusive.

MICK: An exclusive what?

DOCTOR: We're going to take you out to meet the people responsible for the rioting.

ACE: Someone to blame. A simple answer. Isn't that what your listeners want?

MICK: Just don't start. Look, I don't usually do field work. I'm a studio man.

DOCTOR: You can always leave, Mister Thompson. The mob isn't there yet. You might be able to get away

before they arrive.

MICK: I'll make the call.

DOCTOR: Good. Now, Walter.

(Walter is scared.)

DOCTOR: Walter?

ACE: Come on, let's get you off the floor.

DOCTOR: Walter, we need to know about the United Front. We need to know what Aleksandr is doing right now.

WALTER: Go away.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, this is important. We need meeting places, passwords, code words, anything.

WALTER: I can't. I'm crazy.

DOCTOR: We can get you help.

ACE: You've *helped* him enough already. Walter, people will die if you don't help us.

WALTER: There's a safe house. 47 Gaffney Road, flat 7. Third building on the left.

RODERICK: The rioting's spreading to Mile End, ma'am. The police haven't been able to contain it.

SHERILYN: Right, I want our Quick Response media team briefed right away.

RODERICK: Already done.

SHERILYN: Who do we have on the scene there?

RODERICK: A local candidate, Bridget Lockley.

SHERILYN: Ring her up. Get her out on the street where the people can hear her. Have her up on the hill to show the fires in the distance behind her. And tell Quick Response I want a camera crew. Lots of background footage of the fighting.

RODERICK: Of course. We can have the ads on air within the week, and your statement deploring the violence is just about ready for release.

SHERILYN: Perfect. We're still in time for the late news. Good. Well, that's our Quick Response media team taken care of. Do they have any idea what set it off?

RODERICK: It seems to have sprung up in several places at once. I don't know why. The major source might have been at the student demonstration against us this afternoon.

SHERILYN: What a surprise.

RODERICK: We did arrange to have counter-demonstrators on the scene, ma'am. It's not clear who struck first. It's also interesting that the Doctor's friend and Walter Jacobs fled the hospital just before the riots started.

SHERILYN: Hmm, good. We can use that. Give that to the police and to the press. Keep the focus on the conspiracy, not on us.

RODERICK: Exactly, ma'am. Then it should be easy to ensure we don't seem responsible for all this.

SHERILYN: Seem? Are you suggesting we *are* responsible for this riot?

RODERICK: No, ma'am. Not at all.

DOCTOR: All right, Ace, you understand what we have to do?

ACE: I understand all right.

(Phone dialling.)

DOCTOR: Do you have a speakerphone setting on that thing? Wide band reception?

MICK: Not that I know of.

DOCTOR: Well, you will once I've finished with it.

PAUL [OC]: Hello?

ACE: Paul? It's Ace.

PAUL [OC]: What's going on? The police, I heard

ACE: We'll get to that later, all right? The Doctor's got some calls he needs you to make to help settle the riots.

PAUL [OC]: Oh, okay.

ACE: And there's something I need you to do for me as well. I want you to go to Mile End (fades out)

MICK: So what do we do with all this electronic junk of yours?

DOCTOR: We leave it. We can always come back to it afterwards.

MICK: Afterwards? Sure. What about him?

WALTER: Just go away.

DOCTOR: Hmm.

ACE: Here, Thompson, your phone.

MICK: Right. Here goes nothing.

DOCTOR: Ace, do you think you could let Walter lean on you as we make a break for Thompson's car?

ACE: I can try, but I already can't run.

FEARMONGER: I'm afraid you might have to try.

ACE: Yeah, I hear you.

MICK: All right, this is it. I'm live in five, four, three
(Warehouse door squeaks.)
ACE: Come on, Walter

MICK: And this is Mick Thompson coming to you live from the scene of the rioting, but hopefully I won't be here for much longer. On the scene, I mean, not that I won't be live.
(Breaking glass.)

MICK: Right now we've got to make it a few yards to (crash) my car!

ACE: They trashed Walter's too. Looks like we're hoofing it.

MICK: Through that?

DOCTOR: Try to stay at the edge of the mob. I'll be right back.

MICK: I'm out here because this man says he's going to get us in touch with the people responsible for all this.

ACE: Duck!

(Clatter.)

MICK: I'm travelling with a recent gunshot victim, a terrorist who's just had a nervous breakdown, and a lunatic who's just climbed on top of my car. What the hell's he doing?

ACE: He's trying to scare us. That's what he does.

MICK: You mean he does this all the time?

ACE: Well, he likes putting me in situations where I'm afraid, making me face my fears.

MICK: He's too good at it. He's up on the roof, and people are, they're trying to push him off. And they're rocking the car, and he, he's juggling! God help me, he's juggling!

DOCTOR: There's going to be a radio broadcast. They know who's responsible for the problems. Tell everyone you see. If you hurry, you might just catch it.

(Sirens.)

MICK: Dear God in heaven.

DOCTOR: I told you I'd try. The best I could do was unleash another butterfly.

ACE: Yeah, well, more of the hurricane will be here in a minute. We'd better move.

MICK: These people are taking me to a meeting with the ones responsible for the rioting, and I've just heard from my producer that the police have received a call from United Front's spokesman

MICK [OC]: Who said they deplore the indiscriminate violence now occurring, and call for New Britannia officials to meet with them immediately to arrange

SHERILYN: He can't be serious.

RODERICK: We'll have to check with the police, see that the message is authentic.

SHERILYN: And if it is?

RODERICK: Then I'll have to go and meet with them.

SHERILYN: In the middle of all this?

RODERICK: I'm afraid we don't seem to have many alternatives at the moment.

SHERILYN: Why? Why would they do this?

RODERICK: I don't know.

MICK [OC]: They've started on the private residences. There's a man they seem to be dragging out of his house. They're shouting something about taking the rubbish out.

ACE [OC]: all right? They're heading our way.

MICK [OC]: Er, okay.

MICK: Doctor, we could use a few magic tricks about now.

DOCTOR: One moment. Let me get this (thump) Urgh!

MICK: Hey, who threw that?

ACE: Doctor!

MICK: Who threw that?

ACE: Doctor, wake up. Come on!

MICK: What do we do?

ACE: Distract them. Calm them down.

MICK: How?

ACE: Oh, you say you're an entertainer, right? Well, entertain them.

MICK: What do I? Oh, okay folks. Listen to me. Time for some of the real story. No, wait. No! No, you can't. I'm on the air! Janice, Janice, don't cut me off. Don't cut me off!

WALTER: This isn't what it was for. I didn't want this. I never wanted this.

(Sirens.)

MICK: Oh, thank God.

ACE: No, wait. The cops'll arrest us. We keep going.

MICK: Through the mob?

ACE: Unless you've got another way. Doctor, oh, come on.

DOCTOR: No, I don't want to play a tea cup.

ACE: You're all right.

DOCTOR: Of course not. I'm fine. Er, we keep going.

ACE: You didn't do that just to make me scared for you, did you?

DOCTOR: Of course, it's all a cunning plan or something. Stay close together.

MICK: Janice, you can put me back on the air again now. Yeah, that's great about the ratings. Guess they love having me being the man on the spot, eh? Right in the middle. Okay, okay. Okay, it's Mick here again. We're going forward through the mob. There's a clear patch on the far side of the street, and we. There's a woman just there, sitting on the street. She was bleeding from the side of her head and I just, I can't get back. There are too many people. I tripped over and she Janice, Janice, go to a commercial, okay? Please just get away from me for a while.

RODERICK: The police say the message is genuine. The caller used the correct code words and named the location for the meeting.

SHERILYN: I guess you'll have to go, then.

RODERICK: I'll take care.

SHERILYN: This election was supposed to be a bloodless revolution. What went wrong?

RODERICK: They did, out there. They just don't appreciate what it means to have a leader who really believes what she says.

SHERILYN: I never thought you bothered much about that yourself.

RODERICK: True. But I can at least appreciate its rarity. You don't deserve to be brought down by this.

SHERILYN: And I thought you said you can't trust anyone these days.

RODERICK: I do make exceptions. Keep yourself safe.

MICK: Okay Janice, give me an intro. I think I'm ready again. We're almost there. Making it up the stairs and doors are shut now. We got some breathing space from the mob. Sorry I couldn't talk them down. Sorry, there was just too much noise. They were too angry. I couldn't handle them.

ACE: Yeah, making people less angry's not your strong point, is it?

DOCTOR: People who live in glass booths shouldn't cast the first stone. There, third door on the left. Number seven.

ACE: Come on, get your phone out of sight. Don't let them see you've got it.

MICK: But where should I

ACE: Your jacket pocket. Just leave the mouthpiece sticking out. Right, Walter, you're on.

(Knocking on door.)

WALTER: Alex?

(Lots of locks and bolts undone, door creaks open.)

ALEXSANDR: Walter? What? Oh no, not them.

WALTER: I think I've been wrong. I need help.

ALEXSANDR: You brought these people here? You need real help. You all get inside before I blow your heads off.

DOCTOR: Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you.

ALEXSANDR: You think I scare that easily?

ACE: If you didn't, you wouldn't have shot me last time.

(Door closed.)

ALEXSANDR: No, I didn't

DOCTOR: It all got a bit out of control. You just wanted to scare people till they listened to you, but now it's your own base that's under siege.

ALEXSANDR: Look, what do you want?

ACE: Same thing as you. We just want this to be over.

ALEXSANDR: Well, I want it to be over with my skin in one piece. Can you make me an offer like that, Mister UN man?

DOCTOR: They're going to blame you, you know. They'll say you started the rioting.

ALEXSANDR: We didn't! We always said we weren't targeting civilians.

DOCTOR: Doesn't matter. (Fearmonger) The people out there need a scapegoat. They're afraid. They feed each other's fear, and the fear feeds off itself.

ACE: And he knows what he's talking about.

ALEXSANDR: So what are you offering me instead?

DOCTOR: A chance to tell the world the truth.

ACE: We brought Mick Thompson here to interview you, let you tell your side of the story.

ALEXSANDR: You're Thompson?

MICK: Who'd you think I was?

ALEXSANDR: What's the price?

DOCTOR: That's the price.

MICK: The truth.

ALEXSANDR: I didn't want any of this. This was just supposed to be a chance to give those New Britannia bastards a good kicking. It was too easy, almost.

MICK: How'd you get started?

ALEXSANDR: I just got a bunch of my mates together. We asked around and we started doing it.

MICK: And that's all?

DOCTOR: That's all. No great terrorist army, just a few street thugs who got their hands on guns and bombs.

ACE: Really good guns and bombs.

DOCTOR: I think we're about to get to that.

(Rattling at door.)

WALTER: Oh no, not now.

ACE: Better turn on the fan. I think something's about to hit.

DOCTOR: Just keep your head down, Ace. If all goes well

ALEXSANDR: Just stay out. Don't come in here!

RODERICK: Don't worry, Alexsandr. I've got it all under control. You just do what I say and then we'll.

(pause) Doctor.

DOCTOR: Roderick.

WALTER: Alex?

ALEXSANDR: Yeah, well, how did you think a bloke like me would get his hands on government guns?

WALTER: You were working for him all along?

ALEXSANDR: Yes, that's the sweet part of it. He gave us the ammo to go after his own people, for the publicity.

WALTER: It wasn't even real?

ALEXSANDR: Nah, it was. We could do whatever we wanted, so long as we tried not to kill anyone. He thought it'd help them look good. I knew better. We scared lots of people off.

MICK: I made lots more respect her because she was standing up to you. Real smooth.

RODERICK: Now that you've so obligingly explained to Walter in front of these witnesses, Alex, the question becomes what do you intend to do about it?

MICK: Now that's a sound bite for the nightly news.

ALEXSANDR: You mention to anyone that you saw Roderick here and you're dead, got that?

MICK: Too late.

ALEXSANDR: What?

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. Didn't we mention we were already transmitting?

ALEXSANDR: You're dead. You're all dead!

RODERICK: No, Alex! Do you really think committing murder live on air will help our chances?

ALEXSANDR: Switch off that phone!

MICK: Then the cops think we're dead. Yeah, that'll make them treat you gently.

RODERICK: Just be quiet, all of you. I will make no further statement on my own behalf until I have spoken with my solicitors. I would however like to assure any potential New Britannia voters listening to this that Sherilyn Harper had no knowledge of this meeting, and would never condone a deal with terrorists.

ALEXSANDR: You coward.

RODERICK: Mrs Harper's commitment to truth and social justice remains unequalled.

(Gunshot, Roderick cries out. Glass breaks.)

ALEXSANDR: Man, my TV.

WALTER: It's got to be stopped.

RODERICK: Now, Walter, put the gun down.

WALTER: No. It's got to be stopped, so come on, Doctor, you take it.

DOCTOR: No thank you. I'll take the bullets, though.

ALEXSANDR: I can't believe you were thick enough to barge in here and start yapping.

RODERICK: Oh please. If you hadn't made that call to the police telling me to come here and pull you out of the fire

ALEXSANDR: What are you talking about? I didn't call the

(The Doctor clears his throat.)

ALEXSANDR: Bloody hell.

RODERICK: You? You made the call?

DOCTOR: Not directly. All I did was make sure Mick would be broadcasting from here when you arrived. I got other people to ring the police. Code words courtesy of Walter, phone call courtesy of Paul.

(Sirens approach.)

RODERICK: Paul Tanner.

DOCTOR: The same.

RODERICK: Oh. Just goes to show, you can't trust anyone these days

ACE: Well, what do you know, the men in white coats really do wear white coats.
WALTER: I'm scared.
ACE: It's all right. You'll be well looked after. The police know you did the right thing in the end.
WALTER: But I'm crazy. I must be crazy because I think I can still hear the voice.
ACE: Shh. Shush. So can I. And I can take care of it for you.
WALTER: You believe me?
ACE: Yeah. I believe you. Now take care.
WALTER: Bye.
(Ambulance drives away.)
ACE: Right, now for the big one.
DOCTOR: Well, what a nice little recipe that was. Ingredients, Walter, Alexsandr, Roderick, Mick Thompson.
Heat to boiling point, mix well, then stir just slightly before serving to the police.
ACE: And they tidied all the left-overs away for you. Very neat.
DOCTOR: I'm still astounded it all went according to plan.
ACE: Plan?
DOCTOR: Well, according to hope, mostly.
MICK: I've got a show to do tomorrow, and after all the stuff I said, what am I supposed to tell them?
DOCTOR: You could just listen.
MICK: Yeah, whatever. See you around. (leaves)
DOCTOR: You'll excuse me, Ace. I just thought of a loose end that needs tidying.
ACE: Hmm, yeah. Look, how about you go and take care of that yourself, and I'll go and collect the forcefield stuff from the warehouse.
DOCTOR: Oh, good idea. I shouldn't be long.
ACE: I'll meet you at the café up the street from there, all right?
DOCTOR: Lovely. (Fearmonger) And then we can take care of the Fearmonger.
ACE: You said it.

SHERILYN: Come on, Roderick. What's taking you so long?
DOCTOR: They're coming this way, you know
SHERILYN: How did you get in here?
DOCTOR: I just do.
SHERILYN: You're here to tell me
DOCTOR: No, don't turn the lights on. Just go back to the window. Keep watching. They'll be here soon enough.
(Baying mob in distance.)
SHERILYN: They're all slaves to their fear out there. You do see that, don't you?
DOCTOR: Oh yes.
SHERILYN: If only they'd listened to me. They don't have to be. I wanted to show them strength in adversity, be an example.
DOCTOR: Of course. For them to understand, you had to make sure they were a little bit afraid.
SHERILYN: You *do* understand.
DOCTOR: Of course I do. And so do they.
SHERILYN: What?
DOCTOR: They understand who's been making them afraid. Those people out there heard about Roderick's arrest. I don't think the election's much of an issue for you anymore.
SHERILYN: He covered for me.
DOCTOR: They didn't believe him. And why should they? You've been telling them for ages that they can't trust people. You made the mob, and now it's coming for you.
SHERILYN: Ridiculous. We didn't hurt anyone. I told Roderick to make sure they only went after property.
DOCTOR: Yes, I thought so.
SHERILYN: For the gun attacks, I made sure I was the only one near the line of fire. If there's anyone who should have been that afraid, it was me. And you don't see me smashing cars in the street, now do you? And now everyone thinks I'm responsible for the violence, (crying) and the bloodshed, and the people being dragged out of their homes and beaten, and
DOCTOR: But you're not responsible, are you.
SHERILYN: No, you're right. Of course not. I'm just
DOCTOR: Afraid.
SHERILYN: Yes. But I. Doctor? Where have you gone? Don't leave. Doctor? Where are you?

(Using a payphone.)
PAUL [OC]: Hello?
ACE: Paul? Did you get it?
PAUL [OC]: Yeah. Under the stage at the Mile End Amphitheatre, like you said.

ACE: And you took it to the warehouse?

PAUL [OC]: Yeah. I put it right by the forcefield setup. Look, I have to ask. What was that thing?

ACE: Something Walter was going to use a while back. I think I'm gonna need it.

PAUL [OC]: Ace, how could this happen? How could that one creature control so many people, make them do all that?

ACE: You think it was controlling them?

PAUL [OC]: Yeah, they do that, don't they.

ACE: Yep, well, if I don't stop the creature before it stirs anything else up, you ain't seen nothing yet. And neither has the rest of the universe.

PAUL [OC]: What do you mean?

ACE: Oh, never mind. I don't even want to think about it.

DOCTOR: Everything sorted out, Ace?

ACE: (sotto) I have to go.

(Puts phone down.)

FEARMONGER: Something I should know about?

ACE: No. Nothing, nothing at all.

FEARMONGER: Just a few more details to take care of and we can be off.

ACE: Yeah. You'd like that, wouldn't you. To start it all again somewhere new.

FEARMONGER: Ace, I think it's time we had a bit of a talk.

ACE: You have to catch me first.

FEARMONGER: Ace! Come back!

DOCTOR: Oh dear.

(Warehouse door opens. Ace limping, in pain. Turns on forcefield.)

FEARMONGER: Hello, Ace. I know what you're feeling right now. Why don't we turn off the forcefield, hmm?

ACE: No chance. You can't get to me while I'm in here. Now get up against the wall.

FEARMONGER: And if I do, then what do you have in mind?

(Ticking sound.)

ACE: This! Just a twist of the knob. It won't hurt the Doctor but it'll cut through you like a knife.

FEARMONGER: What if it doesn't?

ACE: The Doctor knows what this bomb'll do.

FEARMONGER: Then I think I'd better not go over there, because it won't work. Would you really kill me?

ACE: Only if I had to.

FEARMONGER: (sighs) I'm sorry.

ACE: What?

FEARMONGER: I'm sorry that you'd ever think about doing that.

ACE: Oh, you don't get it, do you. I'm doing this for the Doctor! You're what he'd never want to be, full of fear and violence. He'd rather die than be used to make people hate.

FEARMONGER: Oh, Ace.

ACE: Get against the wall! I won't let you ruin him.

FEARMONGER: And you're willing to die for that.

ACE: Of course. He knows that.

FEARMONGER: No, actually, I didn't. (sigh) Ace, listen to me.

ACE: No chance.

FEARMONGER: You're hearing it now, aren't you? The creature in my voice.

ACE: Of course I am.

FEARMONGER: Then listen to the meaning, not the noise. Listen to me. You say the monster's full of fear and violence (more Doctor) but which of us is ready to kill out of fear?

ACE: Oh no. You tried this on Walter. I'm not making all this up.

FEARMONGER: Of course not. You're right. There is a monster. But it's not in me. It's in you.

ACE: No.

FEARMONGER: The monster wasn't Sherilyn Harper or Mick Thompson, it was in Walter all along, making him believe that they were monsters.

ACE: No, it wasn't. It can't have been!

FEARMONGER: It should have been obvious to me. Who was the right source of fear to feed off directly, and who was doing more to scare others, the one with the speeches or the one with the gun?

ACE: You're lying! That's not, it's not

FEARMONGER: And then, while you were in hospital, it crossed over to you when you were alone and frightened, or perhaps when Walter was threatening you.

ACE: No. It's in your voice. I can hear it!

FEARMONGER: It makes you hear these things. That's what it did to Walter, and Stephen Keyser before him.

ACE: Just shut up!

FEARMONGER: All it needs to do is tell you that one lie, that the monster's out there and you know where it is, and the rest you do yourself. Your hate, your fear, your fear of me.

ACE: Stop it! I'll set the bomb off. Don't make me do this.

FEARMONGER: I'm not making you do anything. I'm just talking, and asking you to listen.

DOCTOR: Listen to yourself

(Ace screams.)

DOCTOR: Listen to your hate, your fear. That's what fed it. That's why we got here. Do you believe me?

(Ace-Fearmonger screams.)

DOCTOR: And we know what to do.

(The Fearmonger fades.)

ACE: Oh, my God.

DOCTOR: Er, Ace?

ACE: What?

DOCTOR: The bomb.

ACE: Oh.

(Ticking stops.)

ACE: Right.

DOCTOR: Here, let me help you up.

ACE: Thanks. I'm not that afraid of you, Professor. Am I?

DOCTOR: I haven't thought so. But with the kind of life we lead, I suppose it's bound to be a bit scary.

ACE: You're the right kind of scary, though. And I suppose if the worst thing I could imagine was that you'd go bad

DOCTOR: I suppose I should be flattered really.

MICK: And coming up this afternoon on Mick Thompson, we take your calls about the rioting. Yeah, we wanna hear what *you* have to say. Who do you think these coots were who smashed up your city? You point the finger on the next Mick Thompson Show.